



" Prompt to improve and to invite,
 " We blend instruction with delight."

VOL. VI. [II. NEW SERIES.]

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No. 3.

ORIGINAL TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
 " Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

HENRY AND CAROLINE, Or Filial Worth Rewarded.

" My tale is simple and of humble birth,
 A tribute of respect to real worth."

" You are too parsimonious Henry," said Mr. D. to one of his clerks, as they were together in the counting house, one morning, " give me leave to say that you do not dress sufficiently genteel to appear as clerk in a fashionable store." Henry's face was suffused with a deep blush, and, in spite of his endeavours to suppress it, a tear trembled on his manly cheek. " Did I not know that your salary was sufficient to provide more genteel habiliments?" continued Mr. D. " I would increase it."

" My salary is sufficient, amply sufficient, sir," replied Henry, in a voice choked with emotion, but with that proud independence of feeling, which poverty had not been able to divest him of. His employer noticed his agitation and immediately changed the subject.

Mr. D. was a man of immense wealth and ample benevolence; he was a widower and had but one child, a daughter, who was the pride of his declining years. She was not as beautiful as an angel or as perfect as Venus; but the goodness, the innocence, the intelligence of her mind shone in her countenance, and you had but to become acquainted with, to admire, to love her. Such was Caroline Delancey when Henry first became an inmate of her father's house. No wonder then that he soon worshipped at her shrine—no wonder that he soon loved her with a deep and devoted affection—and reader, had you known him you would not have wondered that that love was soon returned, for their souls were congenial, they were cast in virtue's purest mould—and although their tongues never gave utterance to what their hearts felt, yet the language of their eyes was too plain to be mistaken. Henry was the very soul of honour, and although

he perceived with pleasure that he was not indifferent to Caroline he still felt that he must conquer the passion that glowed in his bosom. " I must not endeavour to win her young and artless heart," thought he—" I am penniless and cannot expect that her father would ever consent to our union—he has ever treated me with kindness and I will not be ungrateful." Thus he reasoned, and thus he heroically endeavoured to subdue what he considered an ill-fated passion. Caroline had many suitors, and some who were fully worthy of her; but she refused all their overtures with a gentle yet decisive firmness. Her father wondered at her conduct, yet would not thwart her inclination. He was in the decline of life and wished to see her happily settled ere he quitted the stage of existence. It was not long ere he suspected that young Henry, was the cause of her indifference to others; the evident pleasure she took in hearing him praised, the blush that overspread their cheeks whenever their eyes met, all served to convince the old gentleman, who had not forgotten that he was once young himself, that they felt more than a common interest in each others welfare. He forbore making any remarks upon the subject, but was not as displeased at the supposition, as the penniless Henry would have imagined.

Henry had now been about a year in his employ, Mr. D. knew nothing of his family; but his strict integrity, his irreproachable morals, his pleasing manners, all conspired to make him esteem him highly. He was proud of Henry, and wished him to appear in dress, as well as in manners, as respectable as any one. He had often wondered at the scantiness of his wardrobe, for although he dressed with the most scrupulous regard to neatness, his clothes were almost threadbare. Mr. D. did not wish to think that this proceeded from a niggardly disposition, and he determined to broach the subject and if possible ascertain the real cause—this he did in the manner we have before related.

Soon after this conversation took place, Mr. D. left home on business. As he was return-

ing, and riding through a beautiful little village, he alighted at the door of a cottage and requested a drink. The mistress, with an ease and politeness that convinced him, she had not always been the humble cottager, invited him to enter. He accepted her invitation—and here a scene of poverty and neatness presented itself, such as he had never before witnessed. The furniture, which consisted of nothing more than was absolutely necessary, was so exquisitely clean that it gave charms to poverty, and cast an air of comfort on all around. A venerable looking old man, who had not seemed to notice the entrance of Mr. D. sat leaning his head on his staff, his clothes were clean and whole, but so patched that you could have scarcely told which had been the original piece.

"That is your father, I presume," said Mr. D. addressing the mistress of the house.

"It is, sir."

"He seems to be quite aged."

"He is in his eighty third year, he has survived all his children, excepting myself."

"You have once seen better days."

"I have—my husband was wealthy; but false friends ruined him; he endorsed notes to a great amount which stripped us of nearly all our property, and one misfortune followed another until we were reduced to complete poverty. My husband did not long survive his losses, and two of my children soon followed him."

"Have you any remaining children?"

"I have one, and he is my only support. My health is so feeble that I cannot do much, and my father, being blind, needs great attention. My son conceals from my knowledge the amount of his salary; but I am convinced that he sends me nearly all, if not the whole of it."

"Then he is not at home with you."

"No sir, he is clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia."

"Clerk for a merchant in Philadelphia!—pray, what is your son's name?"

"Henry W——."

"Henry W——!" reiterated Mr. D. "why he is my clerk!—I left him at my house, not a fortnight since."

Here followed a succession of inquiries, which evinced an anxiety and solicitude that a mother only could feel; to all of which, Mr. D. replied to her perfect satisfaction.

"You know our Henry," said the old man, raising his head from his staff, "well, sir, then you know as worthy a lad as ever lived—God will bless him, he will bless him for his goodness to his poor old grandfather," he added in a tremulous voice, while the tears ran down his aged cheeks.

"He is a worthy fellow to be sure," said Mr. D. rising and placing a well filled purse into the hands of the old man—"He is a worthy fellow and shall not want friends."

"Noble boy," said he mentally, as he was riding leisurely along, ruminating on his late

interview—"noble boy—he shall not want wealth to enable him to distribute happiness, I believe he loves my girl, and if he does, he shall have her and all my property in the bargain."

Filled with this project, and determined if possible to ascertain the true state of their hearts, he entered the breakfast room the morning after his arrival at home.

"So, Henry is about to leave us and go to England to try his fortune," he carelessly observed.

"Henry about to leave us!" said Caroline, dropping the work that she held in her hand—"about to leave us, and going to England!" she added, in a tone which evinced the deepest interest.

"To be sure, but what if he is, child?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing, only I thought we should be rather lonesome," she replied, turning away to hide the tears which she could not suppress.

"Tell me, Caroline," said Mr. D. tenderly embracing her, "tell me, do you not love Henry? you know I wish your happiness my child, I have ever treated you with kindness, and you have never until now hid any thing from your father."

"Neither will I now," she replied, hiding her face in his bosom, "I do most sincerely esteem him, but do not for worlds tell him so; for he has never said that it was returned."

"I will soon find that out, and without telling him, too," replied the father, leaving the room.

"Henry," said he, as he entered the counting house, "you expect to visit the country shortly, do you not?"

"Yes sir, in about four weeks."

"If it will not be too inconvenient," rejoined Mr. D. "I should like to have you defer it a week or two longer."

"It will be no inconvenience, sir, and if it will oblige you, I will wait with pleasure."

"It will most certainly oblige me, for Caroline is to be married in about five weeks, and I would not miss of having you attend the wedding."

"Caroline to be married, sir," said Henry, starting as if by an electrical shock, "Caroline to be married!—is it possible?"

"To be sure it is—but what is there wonderful in that?"

"Nothing, sir, only it was rather sudden—rather unexpected—that's all."

"It is rather sudden, to be sure," replied Mr. D. "but I am an old man and wish to see her have a protector; and as the man of her choice is well worthy of her, I see no use in waiting any longer, and am very glad that you can stay to the wedding."

"I cannot stay, sir, indeed, I cannot!" replied Henry, forgetting what he had previously said.

"You cannot," rejoined Mr. D. "why you just said you would."

"Yes sir, but business requires my presence in the country and I must go."

"But you said that it would put you to no inconvenience, and that you would wait with pleasure."

"Command me in any thing else, sir, but in this respect I cannot oblige you," said Henry, rising and walking the floor with rapid strides.

Poor fellow, he had thought his passion subdued; but when he found that Caroline was so soon, so irrevocably to become another's, the latent spark burst forth into an unextinguishable flame; and he found it in vain to endeavour to conceal his emotion.

The old gentleman regarded him with a look of earnestness—"Henry," said he, "tell me frankly—do you not love my girl?"

"I will be candid with you, sir," replied Henry, conscious that his agitation had betrayed him—"had I a fortune such as she merits, and as you, sir, have a right to expect, I should think myself the happiest of men, could I gain her love."

"Then she is yours," cried the delighted old man—"say not a word about property, my boy, true worth is better than riches, I was only trying you Henry, and Caroline will never be married to any other than yourself."

The transition from despair to happiness was great. For a moment, Henry remained silent; but his looks spoke volumes.—At last—"I scorn to deceive you, sir," said he, "I am poorer than what you suppose—I have a mother and grandfather, who are——"

"I know it, I know it all, Henry," said Mr. D. interrupting him, "I know the reason of your parsimony, as I called it, and I honour you for it—it was that, which first put it into my head to give you Caroline—so she shall be yours, and may God bless you both!"

Shortly after this conversation, Henry avowed his love to Caroline, and solicited her hand, and it is needless to say that he did not solicit in vain. Caroline would have deferred their union until the ensuing spring; but her father was inexorable. He supposed he should have to own one falsehood, he said, and they would willingly have him shoulder two; but it was too much, entirely too much, and he would not endure it, he had told Henry, that she was going to be married in five weeks, and he should not forfeit his word.—"But perhaps," added he, apparently recollecting himself, and turning to Henry, "perhaps we shall have to defer it after all, for you have important business in the country about that time."

"Be merciful, sir," said Henry, smiling, "I did not wish to witness the sacrifice of my own happiness."

"I am merciful," replied the old gentleman, "and for that reason would not wish to put you to the inconvenience of staying. You said that you would willingly oblige me, but you could not, indeed you could not."

"You have once been young, sir," said Henry.

"I know it, I know it," replied he, laughing heartily, "but I am afraid that too many of us old folks forget it—however, if you can postpone your journey, I suppose we must have a wedding."

We have only to add, that the friends of Henry were sent for and the nuptials solemnized at the appointed time; and that, blessed with the filial love of Henry and Caroline, the old people passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness. CLARISSA.

THE EXECUTION.

(Concluded.)

"That is an interesting question," said the officer. "Ask the Chevalier Rochfield, whom you have this night sent to his grave!—Oh!—wretch!—is your breast so completely steeled to every attribute of mercy? That kind hearted, courteous Chevalier, expired upon the very threshold of Monsieur M's door.—if you had not escaped, your own heart would have melted at the awful sight.—The murderous steel pierced his generous bosom!—Here he paused—for he found new cause for horror, when one of the citizens announced that a bloody pocket handkerchief and a long Spanish knife reeking with the congealing blood of the noble Chevalier, had been found under the bed where my brother slept. 'In the name of the Virgin,' said the speaker, 'is any further proof needed—let us take him to prison.'"

"The moon was riding dimly in the heavens, the clouds dark and sombrous, emitted an occasional gleam of lightning, and the wind howled about the lonely heavens, as they sought the street. Edward supported by two officers, one on either side—was conducted to the jail—but the crowded state of the apartments induced the humane keeper to grant him permission to lie in custody in his own room, until different arrangements on the morrow could be effected.

"The prison of New-Orleans at this crisis was crowded with inmates even to overflowing; and after a few days custody in the apartment of the jailer, Edward was brought before the court, tried, and sentenced to expiate the crime alledged against him, on the eleventh of October following. The cause excited the deepest interest—The court room was insufficient to contain half the populace who crowded to the trial—and it is evident that the voice of the people was for him. Monsieur M——, his counsel, was cheered again and again upon the trial, as he descanted upon the insufficiency of the circumstantial evidence adduced to convict the prisoner at the bar, and the mysterious disappearance of Waldgrave; but it was all in vain; the jury returned a verdict of GUILTY—and my poor brother sank into a swoon, overcome by the intenseness of his agony.

"In consequence of the prevailing excitement in favour of Edward, and the fears of the court that a rescue would be effected on the day of his execution, after a long debate, they

consented to depart so much from the law, as to permit him to be removed to the jail of this place, where Monsieur M—— has friends, who together with himself, have taken the deepest interest in his fate. He and his lovely daughter are now in town; and Edward has informed me, that that angelic being, like a ministering spirit has already visited his lonely cell—mingled her tears with his—and, like a true woman in her life of love, shared with him his sorrows. She is enfeebled and pale with anxiety; and it was against the express advice of her physician that she departed with her father upon this mournful and somewhat weary journey. This is the tale, my friend; I leave it to you to picture a darker heart than that of Waldgrave's—as for me I grow sick in my spirit, when the coming scenes of to-morrow rush before my troubled mind, and my anguished bosom refuses to be comforted. Let me no longer keep you from your slumbers; my own exhausted spirits need that rest which I fear sleep will not be permitted to bestow.”

He retired to rest; but I sought it long and in vain. The scenes of the gloomy prison were before my eyes, whether I closed them or not; and I counted the faintly-heard tickings of the clock, as hour passed after hour; and when four had arrived, I had passed a sleepless night. At length overcome with weariness, I sunk into a deep slumber. Charles had finally fallen asleep, and our cares and sorrows were at last forgotten together.

It was seven in the morning when I awoke. Charles had arisen so noiselessly as not to awaken me, and had left the room; and in the act of arising in my bed, I cast my hand upon his pillow; it was wet with tears. The morning sun stealing through the masses of crimson clouds, glimmered upon the white curtains of the windows, and as I drew them aside, and looked out upon the street, it was crowded with people. Orange-pedlars, gamesters, and fruit-dealers, had already arranged their booths upon the square, and every thing thrilled with bustle and confusion. I arose, dressed, and ordered breakfast, which was brought to my apartment. I reasonably concluded that Charles had gone to see his brother in prison, as he had expressed that intention upon retiring to rest the evening previous. Edward was to be executed at ten o'clock—and, with a bosom full of painful emotion, I sought the street. Crowds were constantly thronging in; and as the bell of the little village church rang for the commencement of the mournful services there was a dark mass moving towards the prison.

At a quarter past nine, a carriage hung in black, was driven up to the prison. It was followed by a cart, in which was placed a coffin, marked with the initials “E. L. F.—Æt. 19.”—and it was driven by a negro. At half past nine the prisoner appeared, he was clad in a long flowing robe of white trimmed with black—he had a white handkerchief in his hand,

which he occasionally held to his face, to conceal his emotion. He was followed by the sheriff, and a Catholic clergyman. They were succeeded by Charles, Monsieur M——, and his lovely daughter. She was arrayed in mourning; her steps were languid and slow, and she leaned for support on her father. The crowd was formed in regular procession by the marshal—the miserable circle, above described was surrounded by a company of riflemen, and the immense column marched on to the place of execution.

The spot selected for this occasion was about seventy-five rods from the prison, in the very meadow, a glimpse of which, from my little apartment at the inn, had so enraptured me. It was large and spacious; and the crowds which had already collected therein showed the interest of the populace, and the curiosity which had drawn them together.

In the centre of the meadow was a tall and branching pine—it was a noble tree, stretching up far into the air, and green as a summer shrub, while all the scattered trees in the fields around were sere and withering. A rough gallows had been constructed under it; and as the procession entered the meadow, the multitudes which had already gathered around it, broke away, and having secured a place in the lengthened concourse, near the unhappy Edward, we approached the mournful spot. As the ranks opened within a few paces of the tree, Charles and Monsieur M—— took their leave of Edward. Their tears were all mingled together; and Edward, in the fulness of his anguish, pressed his hand to his bosom, and bowed to the sorrowful Antoinnette, who hung pale and trembling upon the arm of her father.

Edward and the clergyman now ascended the scaffold. For a few moments while the music ceased, and a circle was forming around the tree, and the unhappy group beneath, there was a deadly silence of all mortal noise. A light wind had sprung up in the west, wafting far above our heads a few scattering autumnal clouds; and it sighed amidst the branches of the lofty pine, with a tone of mournfulness which it is not in the power of man to describe.

I have been in many situations upon land, where the howling of the wind in the hour of night has created a gloomy train of thoughts in my brain; I have been at sea, where “the strained mast quivered as a reed;” when the booming “hell of elements” was around me, while the driving hail rattled upon the swept deck; but never, never has there seemed to my imagination so dreary, or so dreadful a moan—so saddening a murmur of winds, as the rush of the gale at this lonely moment, in the branches of that breezy pine,

A prayer was now read by the clergyman—a *Death Chanson* was sung; and the sheriff announced to Edward, that but half an hour was allotted him to live, and if he had aught to declare to the multitude, an opportunity was now afforded.

Edward arose—his look was calm, and his brow serene. He addressed the concourse in a few words. He related briefly the circumstances which Charles had revealed to me the evening previous—he dwelt on the treacherous villany of Waldgrave—but, when he arrived at the close of his address, wherein he spoke of the charms which life still possessed, the tears coursed swiftly down his manly cheek. He concluded, as nearly as I can recollect, with these words;

"I am innocent!—It would be impotent in me to deny any truth connected with the murder of my friend upon this scaffold; the Searcher of hearts knows my own—and I appeal to an omnipotent God, when I declare that *I am innocent!*—Life is sweet—but I am prepared to die. This is all I have to express—save a hope that my name may not be disgraced when I am dead, and to utter a wish that those I have loved in life, may not share in the dishonour of my death, should the guilty never be punished. May a just God forgive my offences, whatever they may be.—Farewell."

The space of ten minutes now remained for the unfortunate prisoner. The reverend clergyman again addressed a brief prayer to heaven—he took his leave, and Edward was left alone upon the scaffold. The time was fast wearing away, and while he remained on his knees in earnest supplication, the sheriff ascended and adjusted the cap over his eyes. When he descended from the platform he drew from the pocket of his vest a gold watch, and exclaimed, with a loud voice—"One minute remains for the prisoner!" Antoinnette shrieked, and fainted in the arms of her father, and was conveyed to the carriage near by, in which her unfortunate La Fontine was brought to the gallows.

Edward arose from his knees—"There is no human aid for me," he said—"I look for no redemption from this bitter hour but in God!—In His omnipotent arm I repose my trust."

At this moment a carriage was observed wheeling into the meadow, and driving furiously onward. The crowd was moved, and remained in breathless expectation—the vehicle was approaching with the rapidity of a whirlwind. It had reached within a few rods of the place of execution; a young man was standing upright in it, and cried loudly, "Hold!" The immense crowd parted, and the vehicle was driven nearly to the foot of the tree. The mouth of the noble horse was all blood and foam—his dark form was half covered with the white froth, and he sunk exhausted and panting upon the earth—"O God!" exclaimed the gentleman, as he stepped from the conveyance, drew from his pocket a paper, and rushed to the sheriff—"Read that," said he, "and let the innocent live!"—He burst into tears as the sentence closed—and rushed to the carriage where his sister had been conveyed, for it was the brother of Antoinnette.

The packet was directed "to the sheriff of —;" sealed with the governor's seal—and he opened it with a trembling hand. The change from sadness to joy upon his countenance was plainly visible, and after glancing a moment at its contents, he read aloud:

"To the Sheriff of —, greeting:—Whereas Eugene M—, junior, has caused to be apprehended and brought to this city, a felon bearing the name of George Waldgrave, and whereas the said Waldgrave has confessed the crime of *murder*, which has been alledged against one Edward La Fontine, I do hereby, in pursuance of the power vested in me, declare the sentence of the court upon the person of the said Edward La Fontine to be *null and void*; and that the said Edward is now entitled to all the liberty, privileges, and immunities of a rightful citizen of Louisiana. Given under my hand, and sealed with the seal of the state.—New-Orleans, October —, 1827."

It would be idle to attempt a delineation of the scene which ensued. There are subjects to which no pen can do justice—pictures in nature, which no pencil can paint—and this was one. The joy of the reviving Antoinnette—the astonishment and gratitude of Edward, as he descended from that platform where he had braced his mind to take that dark and dreary journey, alone, to that region from whence there is no returning—the pleasure which beamed from the eye of my friend Charles—these are among the objects which the painter and the poet would fail to delineate, as they appeared to the observant eye with which I regarded them.

The company gradually departed, and the late afflicted group made their way to the little inn where I lodged, while Edward changed his habiliments of the grave for the apparel of the living; from whence they returned with gladness and astonishment to the relations of Monsieur M—. And shortly after their departure I received a note, requesting my attendance at dinner, at the mansion.

I attended early, and surely there never was a happier group collected. Charles was all happiness—Antoinnette was somewhat pensive, and fatigued—Edward was serene and cheerful, but not gay—yet his bosom felt that fulness of joy which those only can feel, who, clinging fondly to life, have been rescued from the borders of the grave.

I spent the afternoon ranging the delightful gardens surrounding the mansion, in company with the two brothers and young M—. The latter related his search after the murderer, and the success which attended his endeavours.

No sooner was the sentence of the law passed upon Edward, than young Eugene M— sailed for New-York. On the evening of his arrival in the city, as he was enjoying a brief turn on the Battery, he encountered Waldgrave. He accosted him in a friendly manner—Waldgrave returned a confused and haughty

salutation; and inquired on what business he had come to the city?

"I come," said Eugene, "to arrest a murderer—and *you* are one!—Resistance is in vain, Waldgrave. You were discovered; and there are persons enough present to secure you.—Gentlemen!" he exclaimed, to some persons walking near, "I desire your assistance."

The wretch dropped upon his knees, and begged him to forbear. He offered him his fortune. He had engaged a passage in a Liverpool packet for England. He acknowledged the crime—he confessed that he deposited the handkerchief and knife beneath the bed of La Fontine—and proposed to address a letter to the Governor of Louisiana, disclosing these facts; but all was in vain.—"I have brought him to Orleans," observed M—— in conclusion, "and there the villain awaits his punishment."

I will not dwell upon the subsequent events; suffice it to observe, that Waldgrave expiated his deep and daring crime upon the same gallows that was prepared for Edward La Fontine—that the sweet Antoinnette was at last united with her adorer—that he is now a partner with her brother in the law—and if the possession of one, who is the loveliest of her sex—the smiles of a daughter the very picture of her mother—and a fortune which lifts him above the cares of the world, can render a man happy, Edward is that man. Charles is wedded to a cousin of his brother's wife—he exports more cotton, and receives more money, than any merchant in New-Orleans. I am credibly informed that they all intend retiring from business, having already a *quantum suff.* of the "*world's gear*," and all the blessings which virtuous lives can bestow.—G. W. M.

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

RIDING ON ELEPHANTS.

"At Barrackpoor, for the first time, I mounted an elephant, the motion of which I thought far from disagreeable, though very different from that of a horse. As the animal moves both feet on the same side at once, the sensation is like that of being carried on a man's shoulders. A full grown elephant carries two persons in the 'howdah,' besides the 'mohout,' or driver, who sits on his neck, and a servant on the crupper behind carrying an umbrella. The howdah itself, which Europeans use, is not unlike the body of a small gig, but without a head. The native howdahs have a far less elevated seat, and are much more ornamented. At Calcutta, or within five miles of it, no elephants are allowed, on account of the frequent accidents, which they occasion by frightening horses. Those at Barrackpoor were larger animals than I had expected to see; two of them were at least ten feet high. That which Lord Amherst rode, and on which

I accompanied him, was a very noble fellow, dressed up in splendid trappings, which were a present from the King of Oude, and ornamented all over with fish embroidered in gold, a device which is here considered as a badge of royalty. I was amused by one peculiarity, which I had never before heard of; while the elephant is going on, a man walks by his side, telling him where to tread, bidding him 'take care,' 'step out,' warning him that the road is rough, slippery, &c. all which the animal is supposed to understand, and take his measures accordingly. The mohout says nothing, but guides him by pressing his legs to his neck, on the side to which he wishes him to turn, urging him forwards with the point of a formidable goad, and stopping him by a blow on the forehead with the butt end of the same instrument. The command these men have over their elephants is well known, and a circumstance lately occurred of one of them making a sign to his beast, which was instantly obeyed, to kill a woman who had said something to offend him. The man was executed before our arrival."—*Heber's Journal.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new."

RELIGION OF MACKENZIE.

"He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column which supports the feebleness of humanity:—let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose. Would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty?—Would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged, at best; we tread, however, lighter by the prospect of the better country to which, we trust, it will lead. Tell us not it will end in the gulf of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam which amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illuminated the darkness of suffering virtue."

POOR TONY.

Some years since, a lady of New-Jersey had in her employ a faithful servant, a native of Africa. He had lived several years in her family, and had always enjoyed their confidence, and was particularly valued by her deceased husband.—Having one day lost a silk handkerchief for which she had made considerable search, poor Tony was at last suspected of having stolen it; "Tony," said his mistress, "I have lost my new handkerchief!" The poor fellow sympathetically replied, "Me very sorry mittee, me very sorry you lost your handkercher." The lady pressed the subject

no further until another unavailing search was made, after which she thus accosted him at his work. "Tony, I have not yet found my handkerchief!" "Me very sorry mittee, me very sorry you don't find your handkercher." "Yes, but Tony the handkerchief could not get away of itself." "Oh no, mittee!" smiling, "me know handkercher can't walk wid-out feet." His innocence and the confidence he had so long enjoyed, rendered her inquiries still unintelligible to him. At length, wearied by his apparent evasions, "Tony," said she with a deliberate accent, "to be plain with you I think you must have stolen it." "Me mittee!—me—teal—teal—your—handkercher!" "Yes Tony, I do think you have stolen it." He stood mute—I have no words, he thought! I am in a land of strangers! 'Tis by deed alone I can manifest my abhorrence of the crime. An axe lay beside him—he stretched out the hand that had so long faithfully served her, and with one blow severed from it the first joint of his little finger; then holding up his wounded hand to his accuser, "Me trike off *all* my fingers, 'fore me teal your handkercher." Some time afterwards, the handkerchief was found behind a drawer of the bureau, where it had been accidentally placed by the opening and shutting of the drawer. Poor Tony, however, carried with him to the grave, a mark which evinced the savage grandeur—the wild nobility of his soul.—*Maine Farmer.*

I once heard a gentleman make a very witty reply to one who asserted that he did not believe there was a truly honest man in the whole world. "Sir," said he, "it is impossible that any one man should know all the world, but it is quite possible that some one *may know himself*."

Royal Favor.—A low Irishman was one day bragging to his friends that the king had spoken, to him. On being asked what his Majesty said to him, he replied, "Arrah my dear honey he only ax'd me to get out of the way."

An American Officer who carried a flag over to the British Lines, after having dispatched the business of his mission, was invited by the British Commanding Officer to dinner.—As usual, the wine was circulated; and a British officer being called upon for a toast, gave Mr. Madison, "dead or alive," which the Yankee drank without appearing to notice. When it came to the Yankee's turn to give a toast, he gave the Prince Regent, "drunk or sober."—"Sir," said the British Officer, bristling up and colouring with anger, "that is an insult."—"No sir," answered the American very coolly, "it is only a reply to one."

Sleeping in Church.—It is a matter of record, (no matter where) that about one hundred years ago, an Indian was conducted by a discreet burgess of the city, to witness the services of the sanctuary on the Lord's day. When

these services were ended, the citizen, on their way homeward, in order to show its superiority to heathenism, entered into a detail of the money appropriated by the congregation of which he was a member for the support of public worship, the salary of the minister, &c. To all this the son of the forest, who had observed the drowsy disposition which pervaded the assembly, replied, "Umph! Indian sleep just as sound under a tree, and no pay any thing!"

RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1829.

Obituary Notices of the Rev. John Chester, D. D.—This is a neat little volume, embellished and rendered doubly valuable by a striking and well executed portrait of the lamented subject of the "Notices," whose memory we trust will be long and fondly cherished by a large portion of our fellow citizens of every class and denomination, as well as by those composing the congregation over which, for a period of five years, he so ably presided, a faithful and beloved pastor. All who were in any degree acquainted with Mr. Chester during his residence in this city, though differing ever so widely from him in religious sentiment, must yield a feeling and grateful assent to that part of the sketch of his character wherein the author says—"But it was among the poor and disconsolate—at the bed of the dying, or in the chamber of the bereaved—that he most worthily fulfilled the duties of his calling. Nature had well prepared him for occasions of this sort, for when want was to be relieved, or sorrow to be assuaged, he regarded neither name nor circumstance—he felt and acted as the warm-hearted friend of the whole human family."—They must also cheerfully acknowledge that, "he was singularly happy in the liberality and good sense with which he treated the opinions and even the prejudices of others. In his public discourses, he was seldom known to say an imprudent thing—never an offensive one." Happy would it be for the jarring interests of the different religious societies could the same be said of all professing to be christian ministers; The feelings of the members of churches and societies holding dissimilar sentiments might then be brought to harmonize, and where they could not see alike, they might agree to differ.

¶ The above-noticed work, may be had at this office—price 50 Cents.

The Critic.—The last number of this useful and highly interesting publication was issued on Saturday, the 20th ult. It has been discontinued in consequence of the editor's having been unable to collect the amount of the subscription from a large number of his subscribers, who, it seems, were contented to encourage him by a show of patronage—to profit by his unwearied and praiseworthy exertions to please, and then, shamefully withholding his just dues, leave him to pay the expenses of printing as best he could. From his valedictory, we learn that Mr. Leggett will contribute occasionally to the New-York Mirror, and no doubt the productions of his pen will be considered by the readers of that paper, as a valuable acquisition to its columns.

MARRIED,

At Chatham, on the 14th ult. by James H. Parks, Esq. Mr. Elam Nichols, to Miss Catharine Crandell.

In Waterloo, on Thursday the 18th inst. by the Rev. A. D. Lane, Mr. E. P. Moore, Senior Editor of the Waterloo Observer, to Miss Elizabeth G. Sholes eldest daughter of John Sholes. Esq.

DIED,

At Cooperstown, on the 13th inst. Mr. Hiram W. Hale, Printer, aged about 30 years.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

The death-bed of Reginald Front-de-Boeuf.—IVANHOE.

The ruffian pressed the couch of death,
Drawing with pain the labouring breath,
That soon must pass away :—
And while he rolled his blood-shot eye,
And writhed his frame in agony,
He cried, "I dare not pray!"

"Thou dar'st not?" said a fiendish voice,
Like that of demons who rejoice
Above a tortured soul,
"Lives Front-de-Boeuf to see the day,
When those base, craven words he'll say,
And not his fate control?"

"Who art thou?" said the dauntless chief,—
(Although it was his firm belief,
His evil angel near him hovered,)
"Who thus, in voice of luckless birds,
Has dared to echo back my words?—
Stand forth and be discovered.

"Oh! on these horrors could I seize,
That flit around on every breeze,
In fell and mortal strife,
Nor earth, nor Hell should ever say
I shrunk from the unearthly fray
Or trembled for my life."

"Think, Reginald, upon thy crimes!
Think on the many, many times,
Thy murderous hand has stained
This castle's floors with human blood,
Which flowing round in many a flood,
Within them is engrained.

"Who did the vile prince John incite,
Against his father's ~~son's~~ fight,
And 'gainst his grey-haired sire?"
"Fiend, priest or devil—thou hast lied!"
Ferocious Front-de-Boeuf replied,
Blazing with kindled ire.

"Full fifty lords of noble name,
And deeds, renowned in knightly fame
Counselled the princely John—
And thinkest thou that I will bear
The weight of guilt, so many share?
No! foul fiend—get thee gone!"

"No, not yet will I leave thy side,
'Thou foul, unnatural parricide,
Think on thy murdered sire!
'Think on his banquet hall—the floor
All flooded with his vital gore,
Shed by thy brutal ire.

"And now, foul parricide, farewell!
And while life keeps thee here from hell,
It is my fervent prayer,
That every vaulted arch-stone here,
Resound that title to thine ear,
In accents of despair!"

EMMA.

FROM THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

BROKEN TIES.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze
Like a remembered dream;
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies,

And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those Broken Ties.

The parents of our infant home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms perchance may roam
To distant scenes removed;
Or, we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to think how sadly death,
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They, too, are gone, or changed,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened and estranged;
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep our wrong,
And mourn our Broken Ties.

Oh! who, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?
That hope the sovereign Lord has given
Who reigns beyond the skies:
That hope unites our souls to Heaven
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth
Is sent in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above;
And every pang that rends the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tells us to seek a safer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

ENTOMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preached to us all,
"Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—A Ship.

PUZZLE II.—The Elder Tree.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I saw three things together stand,
I felt them all with either hand,
I took up *two*, and had them chained,
And then I found there ten remained;
I then laid down the *two* again,
And found the whole was twenty-one,
Nor more nor less, and still but three,
Pray tell us Gents how this can be?

II.

Why is marriage like truth?

POLLOCK'S COURSE OF TIME,

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